newspapers from the post-office, or removing about her waist with a real French touch, and leaving them decalled for, is prima facts though her fingers were black as ink. vidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

MY NEPHEW.

A daring little despot, he! Just mark his mien majestic! With autocratic sway, tho' sweet, He rules the realm domestic.

He sits serene, & little king, His tyranny 'tis kindly; His little fist his sceptre is, And we obey it blindly.

He says no word, but looks so sage, The wisest are his debtors; And O the eye he has for Art! And such a taste for letters!

So bron 1 and catholic his mind. He makes no narrow strictures: But tackles kindly to all sorts Of Bibles, books and pictures.

A sense of humor, too, he has; 'Tis fine to see the fun shine From out those big bine eyes. O he's A blessed bit of sunshine

Most captious critic tho' you be, You can't suggest correction; You must admit he is A 1 And absolute perfection.

A precious little paragon -Was ever such another: Not on this earth, if you believe His father and his mother.

And O he beams right royally On me when I caress him. And says, as plain as looks can say, Lie loves his auntie, bless him! -Boston Globs.

BARBARA.

The Mischief She Unwittingly Did, and How It Was Remedied.

I know you would much rather I should take Barbara's sister Dot for my heroine, for Dot was tall and queenly and, of course, haughty as she was tall, and filled up quite a large space in society, in very opposition to her name, whereas Barbara was an elf of nine years' standing on this grim old footstool of ours, and was not one-quarter as big as her name, with the face of a fairy and bright brown eyes, that looked out from under her yellow bang, ridiculously like Dot's pony peered from under his mane, and with then she is my herome and you must needs make the best of her.

Dot was engaged, I am happy to say, to she treated said Apollo as if he were nothing more than a poor, weak, erring mortal, and took it upon stately, privileged self to lecture the young man upon certain faults she tooks as a matter of course, must be in his possession, being, as he was, the only son of a very indulgent pair of old folks.

But she was shaken to the very foundation of her royal being when one day she discovered that the last sentence of her excellent harangue had fallen upon thin air, and she had a confused sense of a pair of indignant, sorrowful eyes leaving their light to haunt her, as she sat, amazed and hurt, after the hall door slammed like a wooden oath.

He was gone then-"O, Scott; oh, Scott!" -which was no slang at all, but the irate Apollo's christened name. Dot rose from her chair of state and carried her heart, bleeding and torn, up the front stairs, to anoint it with tears and cover it with the magnificent new ball dress from Madame Highprice's-admirable bandage!

"Whath the matter, Dot?" Miss Barbara's eyes had caught the gleam of something shining, liquid and bead-like, upon the very tip of Dot's feather fan. "Youth crying!" "I believe you would cry, too, Chickie; wouldn't you, if the Prince came and promised you nice things and then rushed off

without saying any thing about them! Wouldn't you?" "Ithn't Theott going to take you to the "It certainly looks that way. He went off so angry with me!" Another tear splashed hotly down upon Barbara's little upturned

face. The child gravely wiped it off, uttering this solemn injunction: "Don't you cry or worry one bit more about thith. I will thee about thith matter mythelf," unconsciously imitating papa's most impressive They had always talked to her as if she

could understand their mature reasoningthis sister and this papa-that she had come to have a ludicrious little air of sage and wise consideration of all things brought within her ken.

Nine o'clock and no Scott-he was not coming then; must she miss the glorious assembly ball because of his anger! Not she. Half-past nine; had Barbara been awake she would have noticed the quivering evelids that tried so hard to keep the teardrops prisoners. Quarter of ten-she gave up all hopes of Scott and in ten minutes more papa was drowned in a sea of overflowing satin, whose cream-white billows

were filling the coupe to its utmost capacity. Ten o'clock. A loud peal from the door bell aroused Barbara from her sound slumber. Another peal. Out of bed, into her little Mother Hubbard wrapper and down the stairs crept Barbara, on tiptoe, too, though there was no need of that, as every blessed trusted servant was gone out and the child was alone in the big house. The wee hand mastered the huge door-key and out in the moonlight the brown eyes discov-

"Yes, Chickie, of course it is. Is-is-Dot

Now, I've always been amazed at the little est provocation. I have even gone so far as to entertain some odd ideas on the subject of the utter lack of conscience in the world of childhood, and honestly believe that ve racity is an actual matter of education, pure and simple-with a dismal conviction that even cultivation does not always su ffice. I have been astonished with what fertility the brains of infancy are possessed, inventing with ease uncalled for and unprecedented untruths; and, as Miss Barbara was beyond the average, I am bound, in all truth, to say that she gravely sent the following little fib up into Scott's listening ears:

papa-but you are to bring me insthead. I shallop. am almotht drethed; jutht go into the library, pleath, Thcott, and I will not keep you waiting more than theven minuths." Poor Scott-a wrathy whirlwind was gathering about his ears as, all unconsciously, he obeyed the little maid. His quarrelif so onesided an affair could be called that with his beloved had driven all thoughts of the ball from his head; and now to come and find her off and away with her parental relative, and to realize that she had had very good cause to think the most horrible things in the world of his seeming carelessness, made him blind to the simple outlandish scheme of the little sister, and to be

glad that he has been the object of even a wide dresser, tore each little curl paper from its resting place upon her pretty round head, and began to comb the crooked yellow

knots into heaps of wonderful golden fuzz! Next Dot's diamond star was pinned coquetishly to one side of her cranium, a know you're here not all at wunth Dotth dancing-school dress was donned-a frock all glimmer and pale pink shadows, and leaving it unfastened, she drew on her furlined school cloak, poked a sash of purest Brussels into one of its capacious pockets,

wretch. "One needn't be tho old after all fidence and indignant sorrow-a look that

She was right. Scott left her at the door petition for longiveness the paper regular of the ladies' room in care of a nice old fibbing—and sunshine chased shadows from name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is black "Aunty," who hooked her saugly into our liftle heroine's eyes.

Then the child heran plotting to get them The courts have decided that refusing to take her lovely frock and tied the filmy tracery though her fingers were black as ink.

"How in de world ob worls did yo' ebber happen ter come to dis hyar growd-up ball, houey, chile?" looking at her admiringly, as she tried her steps before the long mirror. "O, Dot ith here-my thithter, you underthand; and I jutht thought I'd come, too." A burst of exquisite melody-a Valse of Chopin's-brought Scott to the door to claim the little hand for a round. "Ith too bad, Thcott, but you are too

"No, my dear Miss Barbara, the fault lies at your feet; you are too little," looking far down at her and thinking how lucky he was to have this little bunch of exquisite loveliness for his sister by only going through the of a cream-tinted sheet of note paper: several stages of ecstatic bliss with Dot thereby killing two birds with one stone

dead as door-nails. "I'm not going to even try to walth with you-it would theem really too ridiculuthand I'm not going to be laughed at; leth wait for the Lantherth-I know that betht

of all." Dot and her submerged parent were now safely on the floor. Dot's eyes roved over matrons in vain hopes of their finding the

recreant Scott. "Would he dare to come without me? Would he dare! Well, he is capable of

even so flagrant a-"May I have the pleasure, Miss Dot! The Lancers, I believe," and papa's business partner, lowering a crooked elbow in her direction, leads her away by the tip of a go off again or thlam the door." gloved finger that rests daintily upon his

broadcloth-coated arm. In a moment more they were standing face to face with-Scott and Barbara! For a moment her intense surprise held her a silent captive; then, casting one swift glance about her, she saw that about forty pairs of eyes were curiously intent upon Scott and his companion; saw that people

were not censuring but admiring and wondering over the fairy's advent; and, with never a lift of her blazing eyes in their direction, she cut them both dead. Barbara felt that her sister was tragically inclined, despite her lack of worldly experience, and so fear kept her dumb; for Dot could be "awful" when she chose, this young sister knew to her sorrow. In and out and out and in; and in the

grand chain Dot's glove was squeezed by a poor innocent young fellow, who thought a slight pinching of the leather-covered finger erbs almost as big and fully astimpid. But tips would win one uplifting of the long lashes Scottward; but the lashes, though they trembled, were not raised.

A crash of musical discord, the "Lancers' a perfect Apollo but I'm sorry to admit that | was breaking up, when papa, walking about with step-mamma-elect, saw a prince and a fairy and recognized them as beings of his own household. O, the enchantment of that night to Bar-

bara! And how the fairy folk came trooping out from the gorgaous bindings of her books and danced about her as she lay in dreamland, after the lights were out, the ball room deserted, and Dot had solemnly refused to kiss her good-night. Next day a note from Scott to Dot fell into

Barbara's hands. She coolly opened it and read as follows:

did you not speak to me last night! Did I anger you, Dot, by refusing to listen longer to a lacture I did not not speak to me last night! Did I great zeal.

"And my note name as the last night with the longer with the last night of the last night with the last night of the last nig to a lecture I did not need! How soon wi you learn to trust me! But if you are really convinced that I am the guilty wretch you lectured so soundly, I would advise you to think no more of Scott.

"Thath awful!" said Barbara; "ith thimply awful-and if Dot geth a glimpth of thith I'll be mothed killed! I have to be blamed for every thing, it theemeth, and Thcott ought to know better than to write a note like thith-I'll teach him a letthon!" and the red coals of the grate had a merry time for a second with a bit of crested note

All that week Scott waited and waited and all that week Dot hoped and hoped; and the old saying that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick" proved itself a truth, for it came to pass that Dot's body caught the fever raging in her heart, and there she lay a downright invalid, for four weary weeks. The fickle little birds from Southland came back after their long vacation to set up house-keeping again, and every hedgerow was alive with melody; the berries were beginning to show themselves upon the bushes and briers. Clouds hung miles high in the heavens, whenever there were any clouds, and the sun went down to gather fresh heat from his underground furnace for to-morrow's discomfort. The sea grew bluer as the days grew so much longer and brighter, and guests had been pouring into the Oceanside Hotel for weeks, when papa piloted his daughters to rooms engaged for

Dot was white, and wan, and sick in her very soul; while Barbara, if she had had her due share of remorse, had thrived well upon it and was as plump as a little part-

To the world Dot seemed a cold, self-possessed, haughty young individual, while in secret she really moved and pined in a ceaseless round of regret; and Barbara seemed just what she was-a diminutive ten-yearold, with a precocious brain and no conscience to speak of. She was dreadfully "thorry" Dot looked and felt so miserably worn and thin, but had no faintest thought that she herself was to blame for any part in her sister's low-spirited condition. Whenever she thought of Scott at all she determined to bring him back to Dot again-and so make Dot happy once more.

They had been there one whole week and never a truant rose had crept back to the pale cheeks. Dot and Barbara wandered together up and down the long sunny beach; and big-fibs children can tell on the slight. Dot aimlessly and listlessly-doing any thing to please the little unconscious disturber of her peace; Barbara delighted and full of wonder at every thing she saw. Dot was thinking, thinking, thinking one

day, as they sat down to rest after a long tramp in the shadow of a gigantic bowider when she was suddenly assailed by, "Look, Dot, there comth a boat! Wonde

whoth in it! I thaw two men, anyhow, and they're coming thrait thith way, thee!" "Coming this way! I shall go on, Barbara; you may follow when you have watched the boat come in," and she left the child standing beside the great rock, her big "Yeth, Doth 'ith all ready and gone with brown eyes fast fixed upon the incoming

Nearer and nearer, and the little painted shell, riding like some fairy ship over the now placid waters, came swiftly landward. When the keel grated in the sand, Barbara. with eyes like stars, ran excitedly down to the shore's edge, and in a most undignified fashion, caught the coat-tails of one of the now landed gentlemen with the cry of "O. Thcott-Thcott!"

"Barbara! Barbara! God bless you Where did you spring from!" "From that rock!" which information somewhat startled him as he looked at the

huge bowlder, at least twenty feet high. "O, not from the thummit, Thcott!" with a burst of laughter. "Dotth jutht gone up to the hotel-oh, Thcott, let me whithper Barbara rushed off wild with excitement; thomething to you!" and Scott's ears were and, reaching her own room again, she, like | made happy by just five little words that intoxicating melody: "Dotth dying Theott!

"How do you know, Chickle?" hugging the growth of the skull with weights her close in his gladness. "Can't I thee! But you muthn't let her

very weak!" "Is she, indeed! I'm very sorry! I'll ask my wife to come with me when you have told her-she'll like Dot;" and he looked down into two big brown wells, whose and ran down breathless to Scott. liquid treasures were overflowing and run-Into the coach and off to the assembly ning to waste all over the little linen frock; and oh! such a look, far down under their "Won't Dot thtere!" thought the little brimming surfaces a look of outraged conto go to a ball. I make a theuthation, I made Scott gather her up into his strong arms and kiss the tears away, with a meek Citizen.

She was right. Scott left her at the door petition for forgiveness-that he was only

Then the child began plotting to get them together-for Barbara felt, young as she was, that Dot would never voluntarily see Scott again.

That afternoon, when all "the world" at the hotel was taking its siesta Dot and Barbara lay talking; the latter rattling ahead and keeping wonderfully away from the subject at heart, the former replying at intervals and not hearing the twaddle at all. Suddenly Babara sprang up from Dot's side, seized her pen and paper, and scratch, scratch, scratch filled the room for fully ten minutes.

tall!" looking at him from her lowly stand-"O, Dot, get up, pleathe; I can't copy thith at all-won't you juth write the name of thith thong for me!" Poor Dot wrote neatly and prettily in her

fine Italian hand, these words in the center "Come to me, darling, or I die!" "What a sentimental song!" said Dot, the

obedient. "Yeth it ith!" and Barbara grabbed the paper and lay down by Dot until she was sure her sister was lost in slumber; then the small opossum was up and off like a

flash to Scott. And he! He took the written words as a condemned man might take a message the heads of diminutive maidens and squatty | straight from Heaven-he kissed Barbara and the letter by turns, and the tears of joy he could not restrain fell upon the notepaper and the yellow bangs indiscrimi-

> "Dotth taking her 'the-ethtar,' ath papa callth it. Now you wait till juth before thupper, and I'll thee that Dot ith all ready to rethieve you-and you promith never to

> That evening the sunset was gloriouslike jewels from the Orient h : ped in a golden platter the little c'oudlets blushed and flamed, vellow and crin son an I ruby

Dot, dressed like the wraith of some 'ashionable Undine, came out upon the balcony to enjoy it all-that is, to enjoy it as well as she could without her lost Hildebrandt. She looked until her eyes could no longer bear the splendor, then turned her glance back-

Suddenly she descried a figure that seemed strangely, sweetly familiar, despite the blur the sun had made before her eyes. The figure came nearer, the mists cleared from before her longing eyes, and Dot could not tell for one intoxicating instant whether or not she was in heaven when she saw Scott, radiant-faced, smiling up into her very eyes! He stood at last beneath her balcony. Groups of people were standing by, and for this reason alone he did not follow the irresistable impulse that made him wish to shout aloud his great love for her and his excessive joy at seeing her again. When she could no onger gaze like a veritable Juliet, silently down into his very eyes, and read the unutterable tenderness that filled their glorious depths, when her Romeo vanished from her sight and disappeared within the door beneath her balcony, she dragged herself heavily back into her room and fell into a white heap upon the floor.

But when consciousness came glimmering back she lay limp and passive in Scott's strong arms, heard Barbara's triumphant cry: Oh, Dot! oh, Theott, arn't you happy now?" and saw papa standing over him with his handkerenief suspiciously near his eyes.

"No. Scott, never." And for the first time in her hie Barbara had an inkling of the mischief she had unwittingly done; but she was very quiet about it, and only 'confetthed" after many

poor broken lily!"

And the roses rushed back pell-mell, the sea grew greener and lovelier, the sand was shining gold and the clouds were roly-poly cupids chasing each other across the wide fields of azure, and Scott was her own forevermore. - Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

CLOSE-FITTING CRADLES.

How Guiana Esquiman and Sumoan Babies Are Tortured.

The custom of treating the little ones to close-fitting cradles is indulged in by the Guianans. The baby is subjected to a close imprisonment in a crib made from the ever-useful itirritti reed. This cradle is very light and | Pu and elastic, and when the mother wishes to transport the child any where she takes a broad, plaited belt, the two ends of which are united, passes it over the top of the cradle and brings the belt across her forehead. Thus incased the Guiana baby can be carried many miles in a day, much after the manner adopted by Indian mothers in carrying their papooses. It will be noticed that cradles of this description are not adapted to rocking purposes. Neither are the cradles that receive the babies of the far North.

The Esquimau tot is placed in the jumper hood which is attached to the mother's garments as soon as he gets a glimpse of his world of ice and snow. It is a warm cradie, but it leaves him little enjoyment of any thing outside. Hidden away in its depths on his mother's back he is often taken out into an atmosphere where the thermometer would register forty degrees below zero, and he is as merry there as elsewhere. The young Esquimau spends more than a year in the jumper hood before he is allowed to take care of himself, and it may be supposed that he makes up for his long confinement when he gets his liberty. It is said that the cradles in which some babies are rocked among the tribes of the Siberian peninsula are fashioned from blocks of ice, but between them and the ice itself are placed pieces of bearskin, which keep the cradle "as

warm as toast." The Samoan cradle, I am sorry to say, is a torture box. So is that used by the Chinooks of our Northwest coast. The baby is lashed to a board with strong thongs. Under the head is a pillow formed of moss or rabbit skins, and a piece of wood is placed over the head at an incline and is held in its place by cords which reach to the foot of the queer cradle. The forehead is bandaged and the pressure of the inclined board gradually flattens the head of the child to the desired degree. Imprisoned thus, the Chinook baby passes the first eight months of its existence. During all this time it is never wholly released, though the various bandages are taken off at stated intervals from motives of cleanliness This is Chinook baby raising. The Samoans incase their children in torture cradles, faces upward, and impede

of flat stones. - Drake's Magazine. Married Just a Month.

What made you stay so long?

TARIFF FOR REVENUE. Why the Terms Democrat and Free Trader Are Synonymous. By general consent the Republican

party applies the term free trade to the Democratic party, and, when spoken of in connection with the tariff, it is called the "free trade party." The Democrats object to this name, and the greater portion of the Democratic press protest against the application of the term. Let us see how this is. In the first place no small faction of the Democratic party are free party? traders, according to their own statements, and, when speaking for the party, claim that the platform is much more of a free trade platform than a protection one. An analysis of the tariff plank of 1884, which was reaffirmed at St. Louis, must be accepted as the sentiment of the party regarding the subject. There is but one material point in that platform, for, regardless of all that is said concerning labor and wages, the essence of the whole resolution is found in the words: "We demand that Federal taxation shall be exclusively for public purposes." This is simply another way of saying: "a tariff for revenue only," which was the language of the platform of 1880, or, "we demand that all custom-house taxation shall be only for revenue," which was the language of 1876. "A tariff for revenue only," or "exclusively for public purposes," can not mean a tariff for any thing else. It means a "tariff for revenue only" regardless of every other consideration, for were other objects considered it could not be a tariff for revenue only or for public purposes exclusively. "Only" or "exclusively" can not mean more, and revenue simply is all that is embraced in the term. A tariff that does not protect the interests for which it was designed from foreign influences, is in every material sense free trade. A tariff for revenue only can not mean a protective tariff. Protection does not enter into the idea of a revenue tariff at all. It is no part of it, and if such a tariff would prove protective it would be only accidental. "Incidental protection" is no protection. Any thing that may or may not be, is not, and the only protection that can be is direct. The difference between the two parties is, the Republicans demand protection as the prime factor of a tariff, while the Democrats demand revenue as the only purpose of duties on imports. A revenue tariff can not be a protective tariff, for the stimulus which | great victory in November contains one plank a reduction of duties will give impor- by them to wage their war against the election tation will make necessary so great a of the nominee at Chicago. That plank is the reduction that the protective element one in favor of the State or Nation or both will entirely disappear, and its effect be lost. When this is gone what have | want. Intelligence and Democracy don't pull we better than free trade? According | well together. The solid South would not be to the declarations of the party we do so solid with its ratio of illiteracy reduced, not see why objections should be urged to the term of free traders.-Chicago Current (Ind.).

THE HARRISON STATES.

Strong Column Which Foots Up 254 Electoral Votes.

Benjamin Harrison will be the next President. The States that were loyal to the Union during the dark days of it. rebellion will prove themselves still true next November to the cause of protection and prosperity and will unite in driving this present retrogressive Administration from the power it obtained through fraud in 1884. Their united electoral votes are more than enough to elect the nominees of the Chicago convention. Their verdict

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-Cor. Philadelphia Press.

GROVER'S ACCEPTANCE. What President Cleveland Would Do Wer

He an Honest Man. It was a grim piece of satire which commissioned the spoils Congressman. Hon. Pat Collins, of Boston, to notify Grover Cleveland of his renomination, but he performed the task creditably. and the President at the close of his remarks accepted the prize and intimated that in due time he would signify such acceptance in the usual formal

When that "due time" arrives, i Grover Cleveland were not an arrant hypocrite, he would recall his formal letter accepting his first nomination and would say to the Democracy, as he said then, that "the full realization of a government by the people will be at hand" when office is "a public trust." when "the holders of the ballot will avenge truth betrayed," and when "the suffrages shall be altogether free and uncorrupted." and as a means to this end he would say in the words of his

As a means to this end not one would, in my udgment, be more effective than an amend ment to the constitution disqualifying the President from re-election. When we consider the patronage of this great office, the allurement of power, the temptation to restrain public place once gained, and, more than all, the availability a purty finds in an incumbent whom a horte of affice-holders with a seal born of benefits received and fostered y the hope of favors yet to come stand ready to aid with money and trained political service, we recognize in the eligibility of the President for re-election a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate and intelligent action which must characterize a government

then would say: "For these reasons publicly stated and to avoid the dangers to the country and good government I have already set forth over my own signature, I can not, with honor, gentlemen, accept the nomination you Wife-Why, how late you are! I have tendered me. Thanking you for thought you were never coming home! that honor, and solicitous for my own sincerity and honesty, I respectfully Husband-Don't reproach me, wom- decline the nomination, and refer you an! Be thankful that I am here so to the old bandana which waves at the soon. Why, I left the grounds at the tail of the ticket." This is the formal end of the twelfth innings, with the reply which he would make "in due score a tie! Think of that!-Lowell time" if he were an honest man and not a hypocrite. - Chicago Tribune. | the poor-house. - Philadelphia Ledger

DRIFT OF OPINION.

Portland Oregonian: The record of the Republican party is its rock of ages; the record of the Democratic party is its everlasting shame. Chicago Journal: The fight in 1840 was for the protective tariff and a safe financial system. Harrison was the candidate. It is the same in

Indianapolis News: General Harrison person ally is unassailable, and the sooner the Demo crats cease to break their teeth on that file the better for them.

Lansing (Mich.) Republican: How many pa triotic Irishmen will march under or use an English made, imported red bandana, adopted as the banner and badge of the Democratic New York Sun (Dem.): John Sherman fought

straightforward, courageous, honorable canvass from beginning to end. We record this opinion and these adjectives with sincere pleasure. Minneapolis Tribune: Melville W. Fullec. Cleveland's appointee to the United States Supreme Justiceship, refuses to notice the charges made against him. Attorney-General Garland pursued the same course, but the Pan-Electric wires tripped him up, neverthe-

Chicago Inter Ocean: Mr. Blaine, in "Twenty Years of Congress." makes this terse record of General Harrison's military career: Benjamin Harrison, of Indianapolis, commanded tary record which did honor to the illustrious name which he inherits."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: General Harrison was a faithful soldier, and never refused to obey orders but once in all his military career. adopted the principle, and laws to That was when he was directed to surrender a fugitive slave who was in his camp in Kentucky, and he wrote across the message: "? decline to obey this order.'

St. Paul Pioneer-Press: Those Democratio organs, now the most vociferous in their denunciation of Levi P. Morton's barrel, sang to gether in a minor key when the contents of Samuel J. Tilden's barrel were deluging the country from New York to Oregon. Democratic opposition is never heard against a barrel with the bung open and spouts leading from it into Democratic pockets.

Philadelphia Press: Mayor Hewitt, of New York, pronounces General Harrison "a good man, a good-looking man, a perfect gentleman, and one to whom no fair-minded man can take exception." That is a first-class recommends tion from a first-class man. We have not heard of Mayor Hewitt making a similar utterance in favor of Mr. Cleveland-probably for the reason that the mayor can not tell a lie. Omaha Republican: The campaign in Ne braska will be remarkable for its vigor and earnestness, and for the unanimity of the party. There will be no mugwumping this

year, and there will be thousands of votes cast for Harrison which would not have gone to Blaine. The Democrats have made several mistakes, either of which would turn the tide against them; comb ned they will ingulf Bourbon sm and sweep it out of existence. New York Independent (Ind.): The Republican party is again on solid ground. It has turned to its old traditions. It has given us a ticket which Christian men and men of conviction

can heartily support. Those who left the party

in 1884 can now return, and vote for men as

well as principles. There is no excuse for continued alienation. Let us close up our ranks and have an old-fashioned Republican victory in November Toledo Blade: The platform upon which the Republicans will do battle from now until the that will disgust the Democrats, and will be used combined, supporting free institutions of learning. That's just what the Democracy does not

The Republican Platform.

Condensed into the form of a short creed, the Republican platform is something like this:

We believe in a free ballot and in having every vote counted. We believe in protection for protection's sake, and we are not ashamed of

We believe in abolishing internal taxes created for war purposes. We believe in the direct protection of American labor against cheap foreign

We believe in free internal competi-

We believe in railroad regulation. We believe in homesteads and good omestead titles for citizens. We believe in home rule for big and intelligent Territories.

We believe in a double monetary standard. We believe in the utmost facilities for education as worth all they can

We believe in a big merchant marine and in American ship-yards. We believe in a good navy, good

coast defenses and good water routes for commerce. We believe in making other nations respect our rights and pay for all they

get from us. We believe in protecting American citizens against foreign interference, not only at home, but in any part of the world.

We believe in Civil-Service reform more than ever; and We believe that nothing is too good for the soldiers who risked their lives

to save the country, and saved it .-N. Y. Press.

Mr. Morton's Reputation. Levi P. Morton won long ago a National reputation as the head of one of the great banking firms of the world. Elected to the House of Representatives, he there added to his fame and justified the high expectations of his friends by speeches on financial questions, which showed that he was not merely a practical banker, but understood the theory and philosophy of finance in its largest sense and in its National aspects. His name was prominently mentioned in connection with the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with Garfield in 1880 and he was strongly urged for Secretary of the Treasury in 1881. He declined the Naval portfolio and accepted the position of Minister to France, which he filled most acceptably during the Arthur Administration. He divided with Senator Hiscock and ex-Senator Warner Miller the favor of the Republican caucus in the last Senatorial election in New York State. He is a man whose talents and tastes qualify him conspicuously for high public office, and there is an evident fitness in giving this representative and leading citizen of New York the second place on the Republican National ticket, the first having gone to the all-powerful West. - Philadelphia Press.

How His Old Boys Feel.

Grover Cleveland isn't receiving any etters like the following, which General Harrison found in his mail the other day:

HAWKS CITY, Kan., June 28-Congratulations of an old soldier of your regiment whose knap-sack you carried when he was exhausted from sickness and fatigue in the Atlanta campaign Private Company D, Seventieth Indiana In

fantry. Grover Cleveland, we say, isn't receiving any letters like that, but maybe his substitute did before he died in BALLOT REFORM.

The System of Voting Adopted by the State Probably not one in a hundred of

readers ever had an opportunity to observe an election in which the grossest forms of corruption and fraud are practiced. These evils are at the vorst in the slums of great cities.

A voter approaches the polls through throng of rowdy ballot-distributors and "ward-heelers." He is beset by these men who offer him "tickets" and follow him up until his vote has been deposited. In many cases the ballots a good fight. His was an honest, manly, open, they offer are fraudulent. For while "Republican Ticket" or "Democratic Ticket" is conspicuously printed upon the ballot, one or more names, perhaps all the names, are different from those of the actual candidates, and a person casting one of these ballots votes for men whom he does not wish to be elected.

This is only one of the several evils which have led to an agitation in favor brigade before he was thirty, and made a mill- of the "Australian system" of voting, which, with modifications, is that employed in England and in Canada. At least two States of the Union have now change radically the method of voting will go into effect as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

The principle is, after all, a very simple one. All the ballots are printed, not by parties, but by the State, and they are all alike. Each ballot contains the names of all candidates nominated, and the names are arranged in alphabetical order. In order to vote for a candidate, the person puts a cross opposite that candidate's name.

For example, in Massachusetts, the Legislature of which State has passed a law introducing this system, the ballot, or a part of it, will look something like this when it is ready to be voted: FOR GOVERNOR: [Vote for one.]

JOHN ADAMS (Federal)	
JOHN HANCOCK (National Union)	X
CHARLES SUMNER (Free Soil)	
HENRY WILSON (American)	
FOR REPRESENTATIVES. [Ve	ote for three
HENRY BASCOM (Republican)	
JOHN H. BLANDING (Prohibition)	X
THOMAS T. CANDAGE (Prohibition)	X
EDWARD E. ESTERN (Democrat)	
FRANK GORE (Republican)	
THOMAS S. GORE (Democrat)	
HENRY L. Q. HOBBS (Democrat)	1
OBED N. NATHAN (Republican)	
JOSIAH WILKINS (Prohibition)	X

pages of a folded sheet, so that when the voter has marked the names as above indicated the ballot is folded up and is so passed in to be deposited in the ballot-box. There are many provisions of the law to adapt the machinery of voting to this system, but it is not necessary to mention them here. What has been said is enough to show how men will vote, and that is, for the general public, the important thing. Now what will be gained by this change of system, in the interest of purity of elections and good politics? Many things. First, there can be no

ballot-box stuffing, since each voter will receive only one ballot, and that one will be numbered. Secondly, the ballot will be really secret, as it ought to be, and every

voter will be free from intimidation. Again, each voter will be secured against the fraud of forged and purposely incorrect ballots, and a heavy blow will be dealt to the practice of trading off one part of the ticket against another, which is one of the worst forms of electoral corruption by

party "workers." Once more, the corruption of ballotdistributors and workers at the polls will be destroyed completely, and men may hope to vote freely and in peace. - Youth's Companion.

POETRY OF NATURE.

Our Intelligence Inferior in Some Respects to the Dumb Animals.

Since nature is so broad and so deep, so general and so particular, so infinitely great and so infinitely small, we M. T. GOSS & CO. do well to remember that the warmest, most constant lover is limited in his capacity for knowledge and appreciation. Nor can we be quite sure that man's intelligence toward nature is at every point superior to that of his humble fellow creatures, the dumb animals. By how much were we gainers could we but come at the private observations and reflections of those privileged but silent pensioners of nature, the beasts and birds! Who could read us so sweet a prelection on the pastoral fields as the gentle, Junoeyed creature who ruminates in them from sunrise to dewfall, and all through the night hours to daylight again! How I would love to hear the bobolink delicious privacies of the June meadow, in which he has his undiscoverable nest, and whose floating superfices is made up of pannicled grasses, fringed daisies, buttercups, with a dash here and there of dappled gypsy lilies. Who could give so well the inventory of the cabinet curiosities on the lake beach as could that toiling little specialist the tip up, who is forever patrolling and peering along the wet shingle? I am not ashamed to own that I would like to know what truth LONE STAR STATE. the crawfish finds at the bottom of his well in midsummer, or what cool, liquid, never roiled contemplation dwells in the breast of the water rat whom I lately saw swimming with a sheaf of green stuff in his mouth, and phenomenally disappearing under the creek bank. O, for a half hour's intelligent eavesdropping at the beehive, or to overhear the golden speculations of the humming laborers who work all day in the mealy drift of the maize flower! If the chipmunk would but open to us his budget of arboreal gossip! and then, if we could but learn from the bill of the hermit thrush the

diviner secret counsels of the forest .-

Edi'h M. Thomas, in Book Buyer.

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